This above all, to thine owne ſelfe be true,
And it muſt follow as the night to day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell, my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leave my Lord.
Pol. The time inveſts you, goe, your ſervants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.
Ophel. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laertes.*
Pol. What is't *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?
Ophel. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet*.
Pol. Marrie well bethought.
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you your ſelfe
Have of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you
You doe not underſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerly
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Ophel. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! puh, you ſpeake like a greene girle,
Unſifted in ſuch perillous circumſtance:
Doe you beleeve his tenders, as you call them?
Ophel. I doe not know, my Lord, what I ſhould thinke.
Pol. Marry I will teach you, think your ſelfe a babie,
That you have ta'n theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling: tender your ſelfe more dearly,
Or (not to cracke the winde of the poore phraſe)
Wrong it thus, you'll tender me a foole.
Ophel. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, goe too, goe too.
Ophel. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord with almoſt all the holy vowes of heaven.

Pol.

Pol. I, ſpringes to catch Wood-cockes; I do know
When the blood burnes how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giving more light than heat; extinct in both,
Even in their promiſe, as it is a making,
You muſt not tak't for fire: from this time
Be ſomething ſcanter of your maiden preſence,
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeve ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tedder may he walke
Than may be given you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeve his vowes, for they are Brokers,
Not of that dye which their inveſtments ſhew,
But meere implorators of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not, in plaine termes, from this time forth
Have you ſo ſlander any moments leiſure,
As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophel. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*
Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.
Ham. The aire bites ſhrewdly, it is very cold.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke.
Hora. Indeed, I heard it not: it then drawes neere the ſ
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk. *A flouriſh of*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets, and two pieces*
Ham. The King doth walke to night, and takes his row
Keepes waſſell, and the ſwaggering up-ſpring reeles,
And as he draines his draughts of Rheniſh downe,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry is't,